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CARL and ULRICKA LEMKE

of Wausau, Wisconsin

and

their children and grand-children

a tribute from

ERNA LEMKE BAUR of Toledo, Ohio

META LEMKE EGGEBRECHT of Wausau, Wis.

WALTER J. LEMKE of Fayetteville, Arkansas

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C A R L L E M K E

and

U L R I C K A L E M K E

of

Wausau, Wisconsin

A **Tribute**

from

ERNA LEMKE BAUR

META LEMKE EGGEBRECHT

WALTER J. LEMKE

December 1960

FOREWORD

By Walter J. Lemke

This little history of the Lemke family consists chiefly of pictures. Our father was a professional photographer and a good one, as the pictures in this booklet will show. He took our baby pictures, our wedding pictures, and pictures of our children. And when he was no longer able to carry on, our brother, Carl Lemke Jr., became the family photographer. Most of the pictures of the fourth generation were taken by Carl Jr., who had inherited his father's artistic bent and was his assistant through the years except for army service overseas during World War I.

That such a complete collection of photographs of our family is still in existence is due to the loving care with which my sisters, Meta and Erna, preserved them. Until I started this project, I did not know that my sisters had the old photographs. The hundred or so pictures that appear in this booklet were selected from some two thousand that are in Meta's and Erna's albums. The girls gave me splendid cooperation.

The text is my own. I left our home in Wisconsin when I was 16, and, although I have been back there frequently during the past half century, I have not been as close to the old family home as my sisters have been. I should be able to write objectively -- from far away. But Meta and Erna will understand when I say that I am conscious of our Mother's presence at my side as I write.

So this is the story of two youthful immigrants from Germany in the 1880s -- Carl Lemke and Ulricka Block. They met and married in Wausau, Wisconsin, and lived out their lives there. The New World was good to them. And, in return, they did their bit for Wisconsin and for their adopted country. They raised a family and gave all of their children a college education -- except Alfred who died while in high school. Quite an achievement for Carl Lemke who landed on Ellis Island, unable to speak the English language and with only five dollars in his pocket... And for teen-age Ulricka Block, who began life in the New World as a cook in a Wausau hotel at $4 a week.

Our parents loved us much. What they don't know, until our Ma reads it here, over my shoulder, is that we loved them even more. It's a little late to make these acknowledgements. But here, in this Christmas season of 1960, is our tribute to our parents, Carl and Ulricka Lemke, from their surviving children --

WALTER J. LEMKE, Fayetteville, Arkansas
ERNA LEMKE BAUR, Toledo, Ohio
META LEMKE EGGEBRECHT, Wausau, Wisconsin

December 1960

FREDERICK **LEMKE**

of Rossow, Germany.

These pictures
hung in the
parlor of
our home
at Wausau,
Wisconsin
when we were
children.

Our Grandpa whom
we never saw.
He sired
eleven
children,
of whom
our Pa
was the
youngest.

(Below: The Hof (farm) of Frederick Lemke at Rossow, Germany

The UNCLES and AUNTS on OUR FATHER'S SIDE

Carl Lemke, our father, was born August 9, 1862 in Rossow, Germany, the youngest child of Frederick Lemke and Wilhelmina Bartelt. Two children of Frederick and Wilhelmina died in infancy. The nine who grew to maturity were as follows:

1. Ernestine, who married a Dahlke. They had one son (Hermann) and four daughters (Mrs. Wagner, Mrs. Gus Krueger, Mrs. Polly Gruenewald and Mrs. Bertha Cawley).

2. Daniel. As the oldest son, he inherited his father's estate. He married and had three sons and two daughters, all of whom lived and died in Germany.

3. Wilhelmina, who married August Krueger. They had three sons (Karl, Erich and Emil) and one daughter (Anna Gowan).

4. August. He was evidently the first of the Lemkes to emigrate to America. He had one adopted daughter. August Lemke was a preacher and pastor of the Apostolic Church in Wausau.

5. Johanna, who married a Kraemer. They had two sons and two daughters, all of whom lived and died in Germany.

6. Henrietta, who married a Brechler. They had two daughters who married brothers named Fehl and also had two sons.

7. Augusta, who married Carl Gerndt and had three sons (Herman, Gustave, and Emil) and two daughters (Mary and Anna).

8. Herman, who may have come to America with his brother August about 1880. He was married and had two sons (Fred and William) and two daughters (Minnie and Bertha).

9. Carl, our father, who was born August 9, 1862; died February 5, 1941. He married Ulricka Block, our mother, June 27, 1886.

All the children of Frederick and Wilhelmina Lemke were born in Germany. And all except Daniel and Johanna emigrated to America and settled in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Erna has called my attention to the fact that we have practically no information about our grandmother Lemke. So far as we know, there is no picture of her in existence. Her maiden name was Wilhelmina Bartelt. She was a small sickly woman who died at the age of 54 when

our father was only nine years old. I remember our Pa telling me about his mother, on two or three occasions. His memories of her were those of a 9-year-old and tears came into his eyes when he told me of her unfailing kindness and gentleness. His memories of his father were much sharper. He spoke of him as a tall man of great physical strength, a stern patriarch who ruled his family with a rule of iron. Frederick Lemke, our grandfather, died in 1890 at the age of 81. He never came to America, consequently we never knew either of our grandparents on our father's side. Our grandparents on our mother's side emigrated to America and we have vivid recollections of both of them -- Grandpa and Grandma Block.

The Dahlkes lived in Wausau, Wisconsin, when we were children.

Daniel, as the eldest son, inherited his father's estate (or "Hof", as it was called in Germany). He lived and died in Germany, was harsh and arrogant, and did not even give his brother Carl (our father) a friendly welcome when Pa went back to Germany for a visit in 1903.

Mrs.Krueger was my favorite aunt. She and her husband lived on North Third Street in Wausau and as a youngster I spent many happy hours at their home. She was also our Pa's favorite sister.

August Lemke was a preacher in Wausau, Wisconsin. Our Pa belonged to his church, the German Apostolic Church at the corner of Scott and Sixth streets in Wausau. I always thought this uncle too stern and self-righteous, but he was good to our Pa and helped him get started in business.

Mrs. Kraemer we never knew; she lived and died in Germany.

Mrs. Brechler lived in Wausau. Erna and Meta probably knew the Brechlers better than I did.

Mrs. Gerndt and her husband lived on Scott street in Wausau. After the death of our aunt Augusta (Mrs. Gerndt), Uncle Gerndt became more closely attached to his brother-in-law (our Pa) and spent many hours with him at the studio.

The Hermann Lemkes lived at the corner of Jefferson and Seventh streets in Wausau. I never knew this uncle very well, although I can recall some of his children. Our sister Meta, because she lived in Wausau, kept up the contact with our numerous uncles, aunts and cousins.

It will thus be seen that all of our father's brothers and sisters who left the "old country", settled in Wausau, Wisconsin, and lived within a few blocks of each other, with the exception of Aunt Brechler who lived on the West Side, across the Wisconsin River, where our mother's parents and two brothers (the Blocks) also lived.

FREDERICK LEMKE and HIS SONS AND DAUGHTERS

(Reading across top row): Rev. August Lemke and wife, Ernestine Lemke and husband (Dahlke), Wilhelmina Lemke and husband (Krueger)

(Second row): Johanna Lemke and husband (Kraemer), Daniel Lemke, Henrietta Lemke and husband (Brechler).

(Third row): Herman Lemke and wife, Frederick Lemke (our Grandpa), Augusta Lemke and husband (Gerndt).

(Bottom row): Our Ma, home of the Lemkes in Germany, our Pa.

FROM TAILOR'S APPRENTICE TO PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Our father's life would make an interesting book, especially the story of his youth, the obstacles that he overcame, and the success that he achieved in spite of discouragements.

Our Pa was born August 9, 1862 in Rossow, Pommerania, East Prussia, Germany. At the age of 5, he was put out as a shepherd boy for his father's sheep and a year or two later he was tending sheep for other people. For several months each year he was allowed to go to school, until he was 14 years old, when his father curtly told him "Mach dein Leben allein" ("Earn your living yourself.").

As a 15-year-old boy, small and not very strong, he was apprenticed to a tailor for 23 weeks. He had to work evenings and Sundays, sitting cross-legged on a tailor's bench, and he received no pay and only meager food. His sister Wilhelmina (afterwards Mrs. Krueger) saw his plight, secured the help of the village burgomaster and got him released from the tailor's slavery. His sister then got him a job with Karl Kamrath, a photographer in the city of Massow. He worked for Kamrath four years as an apprentice and a half year as a full-fledged photographer.

Kamrath was a good photographer and was like a father to his young apprentice. Our father formed a life-long friendship with the Kamrath family and kept up a correspondence with them until his death. Much later (in 1958) Carl Lemke's daughters, Meta and Erna, while on a visit to Germany, met Karl Kamrath's grandson.

The wanderlust caught our Pa after the pleasant years in Massow and, as was the custom in all trades in Germany in those years, he took to the open road. His companion in the "wanderschaft" was a tinsmith named Sander. They would walk from town to town, work a while at their respective trades, and move on. They had many exciting adventures, slept in barns and haystacks, went hungry often. Our Pa finally found an opening at Luneburg with an expert photographer named Lueker. This was really a postgraduate course in photography for our Pa and enabled him to go on to the big city of Stettin and get a job there.

Meanwhile, his brothers Hermann and August had emigrated to America in 1871 as young men. They liked it in the USA and sent back glowing reports of the new land and its opportunities. In 1884 August Lemke returned to Germany on a visit and when he went back to America, our father went with him.

Our Pa landed in New York and made the long trip to Wisconsin, via Buffalo and Detroit, and reached Wausau with only $5 but with an ambition and a will to succeed. As he drove up Jefferson street in a hack, from the old railroad station, he passed the brick building at 508 that was later to be his home and studio and he wondered if he would ever own so fine a building. Fifty years later he told me about this vagrant thought.

A few days after his arrival, our Pa got a job with Goff, then Wausau's leading photographer. Goff was a Frenchman by birth and Pa a German who did not know a word of English, so for some time they didn't get along too well. The winter of 1884-85 was a panicky one and as a result of the depression, Pa lost his job with Goff. In this emergency his brother August told him he could board around with his brothers and sisters. Meanwhile August built a frame house next to his own and offered to let our Pa use it for a photo studio and loaned him $450 to buy equipment. This was on Jefferson street, between Sixth and Seventh streets.

His subsequent progress, from this little frame building to the two-story brick studio at 508 Jefferson and eventually to Wisconsin's finest photographic studio at the corner of Jefferson and Fifth, is told elsewhere in these pages.

OUR PA

as a young man in Germany

These pictures were taken by Kamrath in Massow and Lueker in Luneburg, for both of whom our Pa worked as an apprentice photographer.

OUR GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER BLOCK

Our maternal grandparents were Ferdinand Block, who was born in Germany on November 22, 1836, and died in Wausau, Wisconsin, April 11, 1903, and his wife, Louisa Schultz, who was born in Germany September 23, 1838, and died in Wausau on April 10, 1919. They are both buried in the Block family plot in Pine Grove cemetery at Wausau, Wisconsin.

Our mother (Ulricka Block Lemke) remembered her grandparents, especially her grandfather Schultz who died of cholera on the same day as his brother and sister. Our Ma once told me that her grandfather was hale and hearty in the morning and was buried that same night in a fine suit of white wool, homespun --along with his brother and sister.

We Lemke children -- Walter, Meta, Erna -- remember our Grandpa and Grandma Block well. Grandpa Block was a husky 6-footer, who had been a Prussian soldier in the War of 1866 against Austria. Our Ma was born while her father was serving in the army. When Ferdinand Block returned from the Austrian war, his daughter Ulricka (our mother) was already a year old. She was a "war baby", just like her great-granddaughter, Sharon Sheffield, three generations later.

Our Grandpa Block had been a cavalryman (Hussar) in the German army and won several medals for bravery. I was only 12 years old when he died but I remember the row of medals on his breast as he lay in his coffin. When we were boys in Wausau, we liked to have Grandpa Block come to our house after his day's work at the sawmill was finished. He usually carried a heavy sack of sawdust from the mill, which our father used for bedding the family horse. We would ask Grandpa Block to carry in stove-wood for us because he could carry enough stove-wood in one armful to fill the family wood-box. He had a brother in Germany who was a Hauptman (Captain) in the army and a well-known painter in Berlin.

Our Grandma Block out-lived her husband by 16 years. She was a regular visitor at our home when we were young and there was a strong bond of affection between her and our mother. She was a small but active person, always spoke in Low German (the Pommeranian dialect), and was most kind to us grandchildren.

Our Grandpa and Grandma Block, with their two sons, August and William, and their daughter Ulricka (our mother), came to America in either 1883 or 1884, probably the latter. Grandma Block had a sister named Grosskreutz living in the then virgin forest of western Marathon County, Wisconsin. Mrs. Grosskreutz wrote such glowing accounts of America to her relatives in Germany that she induced our mother's parents to emigrate. Our mother was then 18 years old.

Arriving in Wausau, the Block family rode the 20 miles to Town Wien in a wagon. Three days later, our mother walked from Town Wien through the woods to Rib Falls and on to Wausau. At that time, wild animals (deer, fox, wolf) were plentiful in the Wisconsin northwoods. When she arrived in Wausau after her long hike, our mother got a job as cook at the Winkley House, at that time Wausau's leading hotel. Her wages were $4 per week and she began work each morning at 4 o'clock. Her parents moved to Wausau and she lived with them on West Side hill (now 8th Avenue). Her father and two brothers, William and August, worked in the lumber mill for 50 cents a day. Each noon, Grandma Block would pack their dinner pails and carry them to the mill. She did that for 20 years.

Our Grandpa and Grandma — Ferdinand and Louisa Block

These were our Mother's parents, of whom we were all very fond. They were born in Germany, came to the U.S. in the early 1880s, are buried in Pine Grove cemetery at Wausau, Wisconsin. Our Grandpa Block was a large man, over six feet tall, and had fought as a Hussar (cavalryman) in the Franco-Prussian War. The photo was taken by their son-in-law, Carl Lemke, in his studio at 508 Jefferson. How well I remember that linoleum and the painted background.

FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW

Our mother, Ulricka Block Lemke, was born in Breitenfelde ("broad fields") and reared in Freienwalde ("free woods"). Both villages are in what was once the province of Pommerania, East Prussia, Germany. Or to be more exact, Provinz Pommern, Ost Preussen, Deutschland.

I cannot think of two more beautiful place names than Breitenfelde and Freienwalde. Broad fields and open forests! Our mother loved the fields and forests -- of Pommerania and of Wisconsin.

Our father, Carl Lemke, was born in Rossow and grew up in Massow. Those are harsh names. Both are in Pommerania, once Germany, now Poland. Our father's childhood was hard, so he ran away from home in Rossow. His youth was hard, so he left Germany for America. America, the promised land for the Lemkes, the Blocks, and thousands of other German immigrants of the 1880s.

The metropolis of pre-war Pommerania was the seaport of Stettin. The accent is on the second syllable, thus -- Stet-teen! Now, no longer German, the Reds have named the city Szczecin. Our father and mother despised the Poles. The Pollaks, as they called them, were "dirty and uncouth." Our parents had other prejudices, including the New England "Yankees" who had already plundered the pine woods of northern Wisconsin before Carl Lemke and Ulricka Block arrived on the scene.

Our father landed in New York with only $5 to his name. He told me this himself, in later years. He managed to work his way from New York to Wisconsin, where two older brothers had already located. One of these brothers, August Lemke, took him in and helped him get started in business. Our father had served an apprenticeship as a photographer, with a man named Lueker at Luneburg and another named Kamrath at Massow, both in Germany. Our Pa was a good photographer, one of the best craftsmen I have ever known -- and I have known hundreds -- so he had no difficulty in getting a job, with a photographer in Wausau, Wisconsin, named Goff.

Within a year or two he had acquired sufficient command of the English language and wide enough acquaintance with the German population of Wausau, to enable him to open his own "Art Gallery", or "Photographisches Atelier." He used both terms in describing his studio. Actually,

his brother August set him up in business -- in the 600 block on Jefferson street in Wausau, Wisconsin. His success was surprising and within a year he was able to purchase a brick building at 508 Jefferson, with living quarters upstairs and the photo studio downstairs. It was here, in this second-floor "flat", that all five of his children were born.

Wausau (a Chippewa word meaning "Far Away" or "Far West") was originally called Big Bull Falls. I remember the Falls and the lumber mills and the rafts of logs that came down the river each spring. And I remember, although I shouldn't, the saloons that dominated Third Street -- the Mint, the Palm Garden, the Casino, the Crystal, and dozens more, all dedicated to separating the lumberjack from his winter's pay. The Mint saloon had a floor inlaid with silver dollars.

Our father and mother arrived in this pioneer lumbering town at about the same time -- in the early 1880s. They had not known each other in the Old Country but they soon became acquainted in the New World. The Germans were clannish and were handicapped by ignorance of the English language. I can remember, as a boy, that drug store signs said "Apotheke" and that dentists' signs read "Zahnartzt." Wausau, Wisconsin, in the 1890s, was 90 per cent German and Scandinavian, surpassing even Milwaukee in that respect.

Our father became acquainted with our mother quite by accident. She had gone to call on one of her distant relatives who had married our father's brother Hermann. Here she met Hermann's brother Carl. This chance meeting was followed by a courtship that culminated in their marriage on June 27, 1886. They set up housekeeping upstairs in the 2-story brick studio building at 508 Jefferson. But as the children began to arrive -- Alfred in 1889, Walter in 1891, Meta in 1892, Carl in 1894, and Erna in 1896 -- the household took over the rear rooms downstairs. It was then only a matter of time until our father bought the two adjoining lots -- 502 Jefferson and 405 Fifth -- each with a house. It was in the latter house that most of our childhood was spent. It was this house (405 Fifth Street) in which our brother Alfred died and from which the other four of us children left for college, and that, eventually, our father sold to the city of Wausau for the site of the Central School that still (1960) occupies the site.

OUR MA

as a young woman

Note: all of these pictures were taken by our Pa in his first studio in Wausau, Wisconsin.

OUR PA AND MA

were married June 27, 1886
in Wausau, Wisconsin
by the Reverend Erck.

The wedding pictures may have been taken by Goff, a Wausau photographer for whom our Pa had worked. Or they may have been taken in Pa's own studio.

Our guess is that Ma didn't like the first picture, for which she wore a white dress, and had a re-sitting wearing black. She always looked stunning in black.

THE CHILDREN OF CARL AND ULRICKA LEMKE

Ulricka Block, our mother, was born August 11, 1866, in Breitenfelde, Germany, the only daughter of Ferdinand Block and Louisa Schultz. The children of Ferdinand and Louisa were 1.William, 2.August, 3. Ulricka. All three of the Block children were born in Germany. The family came to America in 1884 and settled in Wausau, Wisconsin. Our mother died March 31, 1943.

Carl Lemke and Ulricka Block were married June 27, 1886, in Wausau, Wisconsin, and became the parents of the following children:

1. Alfred, born July 24, 1889; died 1904
2. Walter, born January 16, 1891
3. Meta, born June 13, 1892
4. Carl Jr., born April 27, 1894; died 1960
5. Erna, born January 5, 1896

Alfred died at the age of 15 when he was in high school. I remember that his class attended the funeral in a body. His was the first burial in the Lemke family plot in Wausau's Pine Grove cemetery.

Walter got his bachelor's degree from Baldwin-Wallace College where he met Marie Hamp of Indianapolis, Indiana, whom he married in 1915. Their children are twins, born December 10, 1921, at Berea, Ohio--Walter ("Bud") and Carol.

Meta also graduated from Baldwin-Wallace College. She married Oscar Eggebrecht in Wausau,Wisconsin. They have a daughter Jean and son Alan.

Carl married Arlie Dannenberg in Wausau, Wisconsin. Their daughter Doris Lemke married Lyle Drew. Doris and Lyle have three children . Carl Lemke died in February of this year (1960).

Erna attended B-W College two years but got her degree from Lawrence College in Wisconsin. She was teaching school when she married Edward B. Baur of Toledo, Ohio. He died October 11, 1953. Erna and Ed had no children but "Aunt Erna" is a favorite of all her nieces and nephews.

ALFRED

Born July 24, 1889
Died 1904

WALTER

Born January 16, 1891

META

born June 13, 1893

CARL

born April 27, 1894
died 1960

ERNA

born January 5, 1896

All photos by our Pa.

First there was one — Alfred
Then there were two — Walter
Then there were three — Meta
For four and five, see next page

Walter and Alfred
with nurse-maid
1893

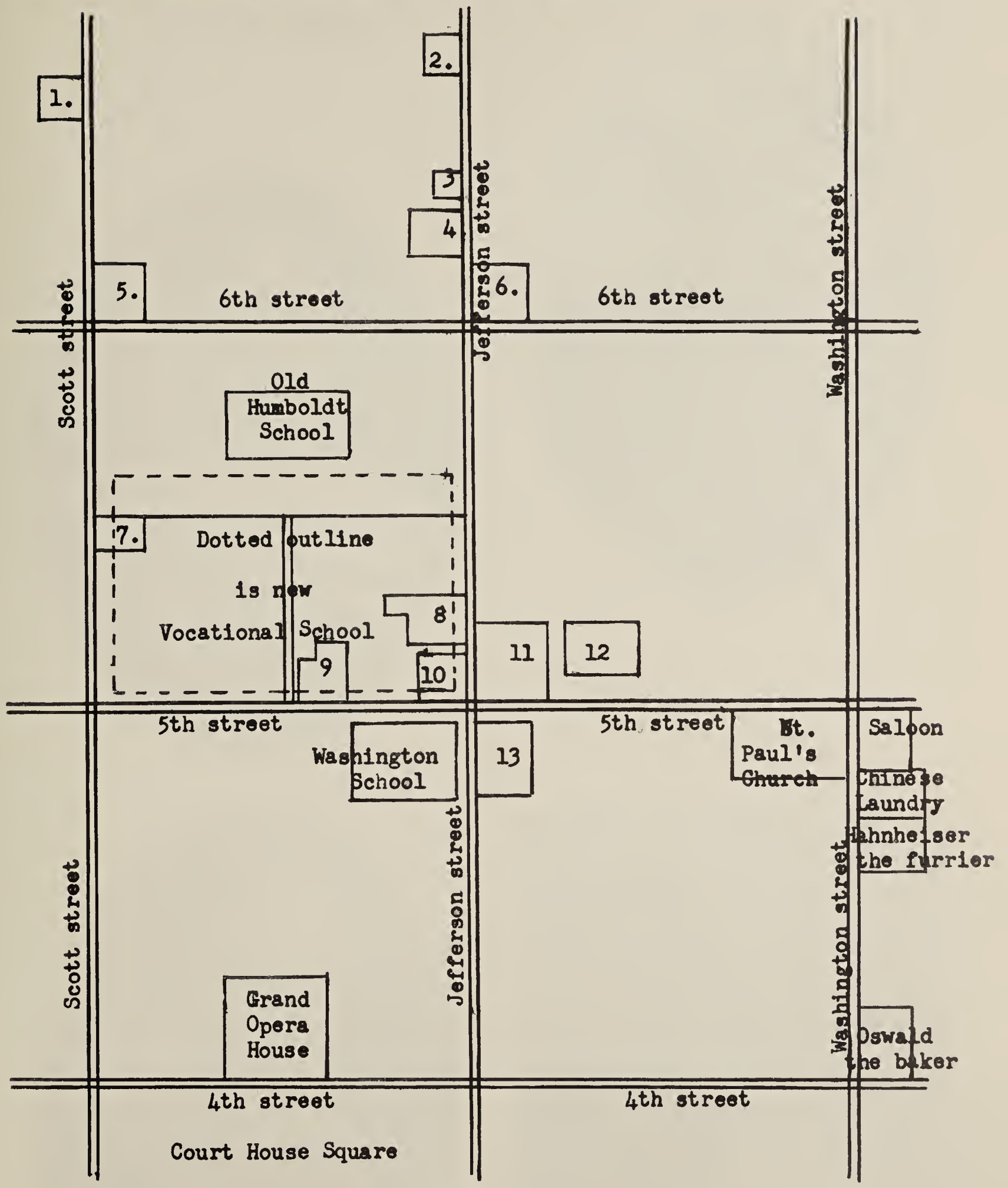
The LEMKE FAMILY
about 1900

Children, left to right: Meta, Alfred, Carl, Erna, Walter.

(At left)

Children at left are our cousins, the Blocks. In center Walter. At right Alfred and Meta. Photo taken by our Dad, probably in 1896.

CENTRAL PART of WAUSAU, WISCONSIN

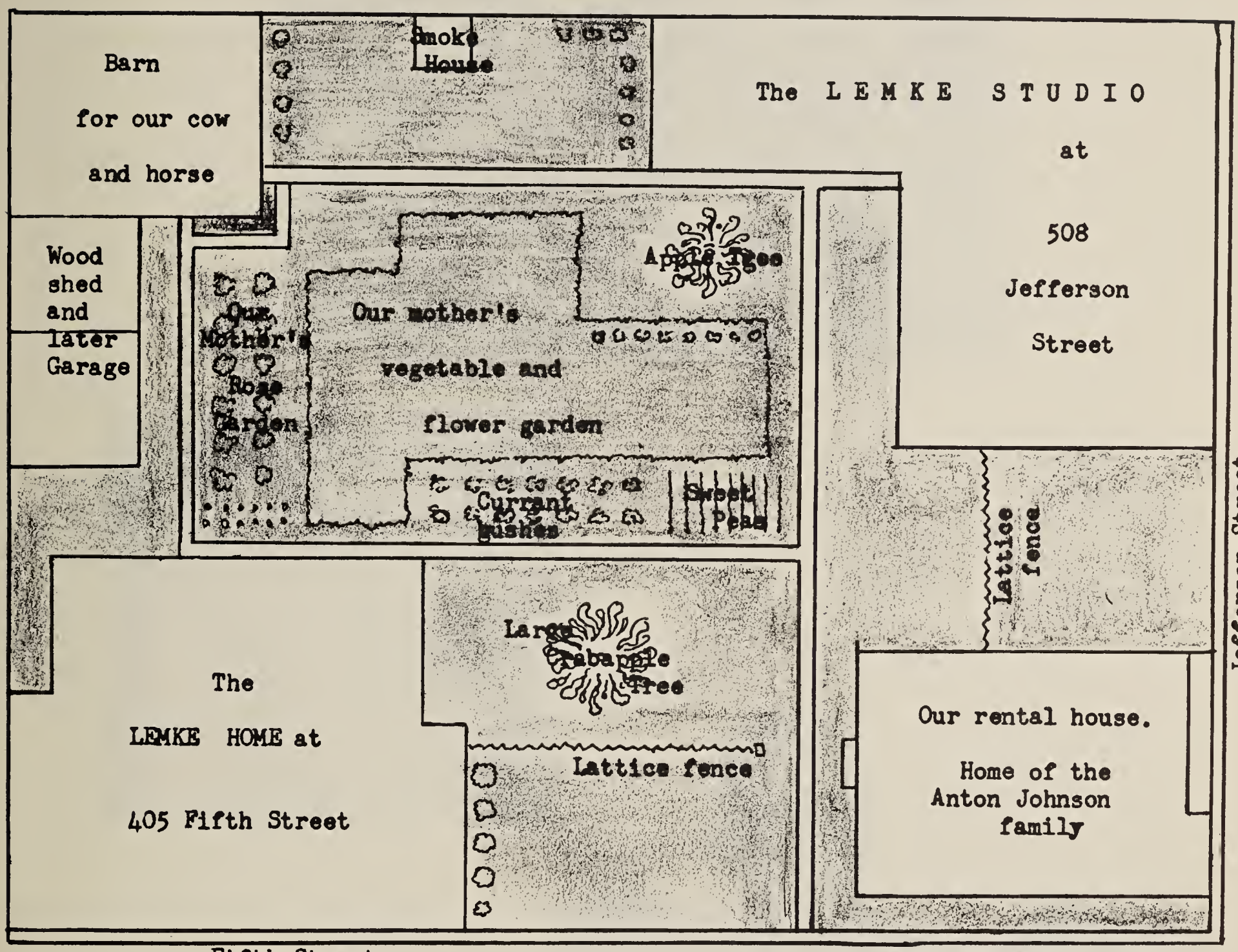


1. Uncle Carl Gerndt's home
2. Uncle Hermann Lemke's home
3. Pa's first (temporary) studio
4. Uncle August Lemke's home
5. Uncle August Lemke's church
6. German Methodist Church
7. Boßf's grocery store
8. Lemke Studio 1885 to 1923
9. Lemke home at 405 Fifth St.
10. Our rental house
11. Lemke studio 1923 to 1950
12. Our parents' home after 1923
13. Opdahls' Scandinavian House

(Drawn from memory by Walter J. Lemke in 1960)

OUR MA AND PA

The CORNER of JEFFERSON and FIFTH STREETS in WAUSAU, WISCONSIN in 1900
(Drawn from memory by Walter J. Lemke in 1960)



In the upper right-hand corner is the 2-story brick studio building. It fronted on Jefferson street. In its upstairs apartment all five of the children of Carl and Ulricka Lemke were born. In this building our father operated a photographic studio from 1885 till 1923.

In the lower left-hand corner is the 2-story frame house that was our home. In the lower right-hand corner is our Pa's rental house, occupied for some 30 or more years by the Anton Johnson family.

In the center of the Lemke layout was our mother's flower and vegetable garden, distinguished by many flower beds, lined with borders of alyssum and mignonette. And by such delectable vegetables as kohlrabi, rutabaga, chives, parsley, and many more.

No description of our old home would be complete without mention of the two apple trees -- a huge crabapple in the front yard and a Grimes Golden near the studio. Both of these trees were a riot of bloom inthe spring and a shower of apples in the fall. They will never be forgotten by Erna, Meta, and Walter.

ACTIVITIES IN OUR FATHER'S STUDIO

I think all of us Lemke children helped, at times, with the photographic work in our Pa's studio. I know that I learned the art of sensitizing printing paper (albumen) at an early age. Our Pa prepared the solution and it was my job to immerse the paper (18 x 20 inch sheets) in the sensitizing bath, draw the sheets over a glass roller to remove the excess chemicals, and hang them on the line to dry. This was "sunlight" printing paper, of course. It was much later that photographic paper was manufactured that could be printed by artificial light. This early "sunlight" paper had to be "toned" in a gold or platinum bath. I remember that this "toning" solution was injurious to the skin and that our Pa often suffered from a "rash" on his hands and fore-arms, caused by the poisonous solution.

Our Pa was an expert in the darkroom. Also, he was a perfectionist. If the photographic negative (glass plates in the early days) was not up to standard, he would intensify or reduce it until he had a negative that would produce a perfect print. He was the best retoucher I have ever known. Other photographers would farm out their retouching work but our Pa always did his own. This meant precise work with a retouching pencil, to remove wrinkles and blemishes, improve highlights, and otherwise improve the negative. Our brother, Carl Jr., also became an expert retoucher, but I was never able to master the art -- chiefly because of my poor eyes.

Our sisters, Meta and Erna, made themselves useful in the studio by waiting on customers, helping arrange wedding and other groups, and mounting the photos after they had been printed or "toned" or developed. This mounting was a tedious job. Several hundred wet prints were slapped face-down on a hard-rubber board, brushed over with paste (every photographer made his own starch paste), and transferred to card mounts that bore the name "C. Lemke" or "Lemke Studio."

Our Pa's studio at the turn of the century was one of Wisconsin's best -- in the judgement of the traveling salesmen for photo supplies. His camera room, called "operating room" in the old days, was equipped with cameras and the needed accessories. The Lemke Studio was one of the few Wisconsin studios that had a camera that could take pictures measuring 18 x 22 inches. (There were no enlarging cameras in those days.) There was a slanting north skylight in our Pa's first studio and a 2-story vertical north skylight (of ground glass) in the new studio. A north skylight was necessary because there was no photography by artificial light in the old days.

Our Pa pioneered all sort of photographic innovations, many of which were later adopted (and a few patented) by other photographers. I recall a "vignette" panel which he had mounted in front of the lens on his portrait camera, backgrounds on rollers that operated on narrow rails so they could easily be pushed out of the way, plate holders masked on one side so that two pictures could be taken on one 5x7 plate, and many other inventions.

Because he was frequently called on to photograph large groups (confirmation classes, clubs and athletic teams, or family groups), he constructed a removable stand that enabled him to pose 50 or more persons in one group.

His specialty was portraits. Well versed in composition and lighting, he produced many prize-winning pictures of Wausau's leading citizens. He was also an expert photographer of children. He had the usual gadgets to secure the youngsters' attention but he had one sure method when all else failed. He would roll up a newspaper, set fire to one end, and wave it near the camera. I have yet to see a child who can resist the attention-arresting flames. And, of course, he'd press the rubber bulb that operated the shutter at just the right moment.

Our Pa kept up with new developments in his profession. He attended photographic conventions, usually held in Milwaukee or Minneapolis, and tried out new products and methods on his return from these meets.

When his years and the strain of the job became too arduous for our Pa, his son, Carl Lemke Jr., took over. This was our late brother (he died in February 1960) who we affectionately called "Ky." He was every whit as good a camera man as our Pa -- probably had a finer "artistic" sense -- but Pa was his superior when it came to the "finishing" -- dark room, retouching, and "spotting"-- the final technical touches that made "a photograph by Lemke" a thing of perfection and an artistic achievement.

No "photo by Lemke" was ever known to fade. In the half century that our Pa photographed the citizenry of Wausau and surrounding area, I do not recall one single complaint about the quality of his work. There may have been occasional complaints about his prices but when he was tempted to lower his prices, our Ma, who had one eye on the cash drawer -- our Pa never owned a cash register -- would appear in the studio and bring prices back to normal.

I could fill a book with serious and funny things that happened in the old studio at 508 Jefferson and the handsome modern studio building which our Pa erected at the corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets. This latter building, pictured on a preceding page, was completed in 1923 and was the realization of our father's ambitions and dreams. He was able to continue work until shortly before his death in 1941.

Our Pa's studio at 508 Jefferson Street, Wausau, Wisconsin, when we were children. Note the steps for dismounting from carriages and the guards around the trees to keep horses from chewing off the bark. Our Pa set out many trees on Fifth and Jefferson streets.

Our Pa's new studio at the corner of Fifth and Jefferson which he and Carl Jr. operated until Pa's death in 1941. Note the 2-story skylight in the camera room. This was considered the first photographic studio in its day.

THE HOME OVER WHICH OUR MOTHER PRESIDED

Our mother was a superb housekeeper. She also had a wide reputation as a cook and as a seamstress. She made most of our clothes when we were small, doing the sewing by hand or on an old-time Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine. Her house, of course, was spotlessly clean -- in the German tradition.

Many of my childhood memories center around the kitchen of our home at 405 Fifth street in Wausau. I remember the cast-iron kitchen stove, with the wood-box behind it. The ice-box that held a 25-lb cube, cut from the Wisconsin River in the preceding winter. The kitchen table, covered with blue oil-cloth. It was around this table that we gathered for meals, always prefaced by the German prayer:

"Komm, Herr Jesu, sei unser Gast;
Seg'ne was Du uns bescheeret hast. Amen."

For the benefit of future generations of the Drew, Cotts, Sheffield and Lemke families, this invocation translated reads thus:

"Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest;
Let these gifts to us be blessed."

In the evenings we gathered around the kitchen table to do our school work or to play games. The illumination came from kerosene lamps, although our Pa was among the first to put in gas lights, equipped with Welsbach mantles that burned out frequently.

Even if I did not remember the layout and equipment of our mother's kitchen, I could never forget its savory odors. Breakfast consisted of buckwheat cakes, drowned in syrup. The dough or batter for buckwheat cakes had to be prepared the night before. And the left-over batter remained in the pan on the back of the stove to gather goodness for the next day. Now and then we would run out of syrup and then one of us children had to take a bucket and go through the alley to Bopf's grocery story for a dime's worth of syrup. Our Ma played no favorites and each of her children ran that errand many times.

I wish I could remember all the delicious dishes that our Ma prepared for her brood -- potato pancakes, cooked with crisp filigree edges; hot potato salad, with unusual herbs and bits of bacon in it; roast goose that was out of this world; fried perch or baked pike right out of the Wisconsin River; spare ribs and kraut that she obtained from Lemke kin who lived out in the country; blueberry and raspberry pies; vegetable soup containing more varieties of vegetables and condiments than Campbell's ever heard of; kalb-fleisch and schweinefleisch; asparagus, rutabaga, kohlrabi and other exotic vegetables right out of her own garden; and her own home-made sausage, including leberwurst and blutwurst, smoked over hickory chips in our own backyard smokehouse. It took 21 days to cure the sausages and they hung on poles in an upstairs spare bedroom (no heat) all winter long.

If I had our mother's recipes for such delicacies as senf-gurken, apfel-kuchen, schmier-kaese, and roten kohl, I would publish them here -- for the benefit of her progeny who are existing on frozen foods or things out of cans. If our mother owned a can-opener, I do not remember it.

I have sometimes thought that our mother's culinary skill was partly due to the fact that she cooked and baked with butter. No self-respecting Wisconsin cook in the old days would think of using Crisco or vegetable oils. And oleomargarine was unknown in Wisconsin.

But we must leave the kitchen at 405 Fifth street and step into the dining room. Here our Ma kept her collection of glass and china in two handsome "sideboards". We ate in the dining room on Sundays and when we had company for dinner.

In the front of the house were the living room and the parlor. The latter was used only on special occasions, such as Christmas or funerals. (It wasn't always Lemke funerals. Because I can remember a young Russian immigrant woman named Anna Rudel, whose body lay in state in our front parlor because the Rudels had no room for their departed daughter.) But the living room was in constant use, since it contained the piano, the reading material, our childhood toys and games. This was where the family gathered in the evening -- until the courthouse clock struck the curfew hour (9 o'clock) when all the little Lemkes were ordered upstairs to bed. The upstairs bedrooms were unheated, but in the cold Wisconsin winters we slept beneath feather-beds and never felt the cold.

I should include a paragraph about the cellar of our old home at 405 Fifth street. We children were not allowed to go down-cellar, but from the few occasions when I did go down, I remember the potato bin and the barrels of Wisconsin apples. And the huge supply of jams and jellies and pickles that our Ma had put up in Mason jars.

This is a brief and unsatisfying description of our childhood home. It makes no mention of the family's daily activities -- our Pa, busy with his tools in the workshop or reading the evening paper on the front porch; our Ma, hoeing in her garden in the afternoon, cooking supper, and helping us with our school work in the evening; Meta or Erna practicing their piano lessons; Carl and Walter, with a half dozen neighborhood youngsters, playing games under the carbon-arc street lamp at the corner of Fifth and Jefferson. Until the curfew rang at 9 o'clock, when all activity ceased.

On a sultry summer evening, we could be found beneath the crabapple tree in our back yard. On a cold winter night, with the temperature sometimes down to 30 below zero, we would probably be in the warm and comfortable living room at 405 Fifth street. Or under a feather-bed stuffed with goose-down. Our furnace was fired with 2-foot bolts of hardwood.

Our Home at 405 Fifth Street in Wausau, Wisconsin

Although all five of us children were born in the upstairs flat of the brick studio building on Jefferson street, this was the home of our childhood. The living room windows faced the porch. The large window at the left was in the parlor, a room used only at Christmas or for funerals and other special occasions. The bedrooms were upstairs. The trees are lindens (basswood), planted by our Pa. The boys on the picture are Alfred and Walter—which dates the picture as of about 1896.

Our Parents' Home at 309 Fifth Street in Later Years

When the city of Wausau bought our old home place and erected the Central School on the site, our parents moved to the next block south and built this home, where they spent their last years. Meta and Oscar lived upstairs until they built their own home. That's our Ma on the picture, standing among her flowers.

Corner of Fifth and Jefferson Streets, Wausau, Wisconsin

Carl and Ulricka Lemke owned these three buildings. Our home (405 Fifth St.) is at the left; rental house on the corner; photo studio at the right. The boys on tricycles are Alfred and Walter. The little girl in pinafore is Meta. The baby in the canopied buggy is Carl Jr. the man holding the dog is Gus Schultz, our Mother's cousin who worked in the Lemke Studio. The dog is Pug. Note the picket fence, ornamental fence posts, board sidewalk, and especially the carbon arc light. This corner was our evening playground throughout our childhood.

This picture was taken at the same corner as the photograph above. It shows our Mother and Erna out for a ride in the family cutter. Note the sleighbells on the cutter's shafts. The horse was Nellie. It must have been spring, for the melting snow has turned the gutter into a miniature river. As a matter of interest, both of these pictures were taken by our Pa with an 8 x 10 view camera. Glass plates, of course.

OUR FIRST HORSE,
named Nancy.

It was a smart rig that our Pa drove but there was no room for five children.

OUR FIRST AUTO,
named Buick.

That's our Pa behind the wheel and our Ma in the back seat. And note that gorgeous crabapple tree in bloom, in the back yard.

OUR LIVING ROOM
at
405 Fifth St.

Our Pa seated in the familiar living room of our childhood home. Everything is familiar — the piano, the Welsbach gas lights, the center table, the book case and secretary, the plants in the jardiniers, even the wall paper and carpet. And the therometer!

SCHOOL DAYS, DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS

We Lemke children were fortunate in our public school days, in that the two grade schools which all five of us attended were near our home. The Humboldt School, where we were first and second graders, was only a hundred yards from our back door. And the Washington School, where we went for grades 3 to 7, was directly across the street from our home. However, when the five Lemkes went to high school, we had to walk a mile to school in the morning and a mile back at 4 p.m. This, of course, was no hardship. Many of our schoolmates had to walk much greater distances, especially our Block cousins who lived on the West Side, across the Wisconsin River.

The grade school teacher whom we remember best -- I think Meta and Erna will agree -- was Miss Karen Opdahl. She was one of three sisters who lived diagonally across the Fifth Street corner from our house -- "kitty-corner", we used to say. Miss Karen's sisters were Miss Annie and Miss Leonharda. Both were music teachers. Their parents operated a boarding house. I can remember the big sign that ran almost the length of the building. It said "Scandinavian House". The Opdahls were Norwegian.

Miss Karen was our teacher in the third and fourth grades. Miss Leonharda was our music teacher. I think all five of us children took piano lessons from her. Our mother loved music. She had a sweet singing voice and she gave us much encouragement. Meta and Erna kept up their music and still play the piano competently, although 60 years have gone by since they took their first piano lesson from Miss Leonharda Opdahl.

It probably never occurred to us children that our parents were making sacrifices in order to give us an education -- an education which they themselves had never had. I know that I never thought of their sacrifices until I left home for college. My mother accompanied me to Chicago and put me on the train for Cleveland. I was 16. When we parted, in the LaSalle Street station in Chicago, she took $100 in currency out of her purse, unbuttoned my shirt and pinned the bills to my undershirt. She said "Use it with care."

Our parents had bought scholarships for all of their children, in Baldwin-Wallace College, a Methodist school with whose personnel they were acquainted. So Walter and Meta got their degree from B-W; Erna had two years at B-W and transferred to Lawrence College in Wisconsin, where she got her A.B.; and Carl had two years of college before dropping out to join our Pa in the Lemke Studio in Wausau. Besides gaining a college degree, Walter met his future wife at B-W (Marie Hamp) and Erna met her future husband at B-W (Ed Baur). So this little college in the Cleveland suburb of Berea has played an important part in the lives of four of us Lemke children. I like to think that our Ma planned it that way.

PA AND THE BOYS

'neath the old apple tree at 405 Fifth St., Wausau. Those are Ma's currant bushes in the foreground. Date about 1900.

A candid shot of Walt and his Pa.

Silver wedding 1911.

Carl Lemke Sr. and Carl Lemke Jr.

Walter J. Lemke and Marie Hamp

Meta Lemke and Oscar Eggebrecht

Carl Lemke Jr. and Arlie Dannenberg

Erna Lemke and Edward B. Baur

ERNA and ED BAUR
at home at 1912 Princeton Dr., Toledo, Ohio

MA and
her daughters,
Erna and Meta

META ERNA AND ERNA META

(At left) Erna and Walt

(Left) :
WALTER J. LEMKE
and his children —
Walter Hamp Lemke
and Carol Lemke.

(Right) :
CARL E. LEMKE
and daughter,
Doris Lemke.

DORIS LEMKE DREW,
daughter of
Carl Jr. and Arlie Lemke

(Below):

The Drew Family at Christmas
Father, Lyle Drew, holding baby
In front, Nancy and Chris and
mother, Doris.

JEAN

ALLAN

Meta, Oscar, Allan, Jean Eggebrecht

S O M E P E R S O N A L R E C O L L E C T I O N S

by Walter J. Lemke

It occurred to me that our children and grandchildren might be interested in what life was like in the "Gay Nineties" for five Wisconsin children who ranged in age from four to ten. These are events and places that I remember. And I am sure that Meta and Erna have other memories -- maybe our attic, the Saturday night bath, Sunday School picture cards, sausage-making time, colored "funnies" in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, especially the Katzenjammer Kids and Happy Hooligan. I'll bet that Erna can name every magazine and newspaper that our parents read, from the Daheim to the Apologete. And that Meta can name all the neighborhood women who were regulars whenever our Mother had a kaffeeklatsch. The ingredients of a kaffeeklatsch were coffee, kuchen and gossip. My sisters and I share many memories, including the songs of our childhood.

BØARD SIDEWALKS

Everybody in Wausau had board sidewalks when we were young. These were usually built six inches above the ground. Space-age kids will never know the thrill of fishing for coins, rings, and other jewelry, through the cracks of a board sidewalk. We used long hat-pins, fish-hooks, and a wad of Beeman's Pepsin at the end of a string, to draw up whatever treasure we spied through the cracks of the board walk. When the boards rotted or broke, it was necessary to tear up the old walk and build a new one. That was always the occasion for a big treasure hunt - although neighbor kids were not allowed to search until after we had given the accumulation of dirt, paper, leaves and other debris, a preliminary going-over. Board sidewalks also had a more painful side -- frequent slivers in our bare feet.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Wausau's Grand Opera House fronted on Fourth Street, but its back door was less than 70 yards from our front porch on Fifth Street. A theater was a sinful place, in the opinion of John Wesley and our parents. As an evil, it ranked next to 1) saloons, 2) dancing and 3) card playing. But you Couldn't hide the glamor of the theater from the eager eyes of young Lemkes, especially when the back door of the Grand was open and we could see the sinful activity backstage and hear the music of the orchestra in the pit. Conductor of the orchestra was Clive Cone, who was also manager of the theater and director of the band that played in the Court House park everySaturday night, while theLemkes and hundreds of their fellow-townsmen strolled down Third Street to Jefferson to Fourth to Scott and back to place-of-beginning. The place-of-beginning was the popcorn stand at the corner of Third and Scott streets. Second only to the heavenly aroma of our mother's kitchen was the tantalizing smell of the popcorn stand of our childhood. The popcorn cost 5 cents a bag (not Box) and was liberally seasoned with dairy butter (dairy, not creamery).

NEW YEAR'S EVE I don't know why New Year's Eve should have a special significance in my memory -- almost overshadowing Christmas. Maybe it was because our Pa always stayed up till midnight on New Year's Eve. Ma and the girls went to bed at 9, or 10 at the latest, but Pa stayed up to welcome the new year. The New Year that I shall always remember was 1900. All the Lemkes had gone to bed. Except Pa and his second son. He explained to me that the 19th century was about to give way to the 20th. What does a century mean to a 9-year-old boy?But I was determined tostay awake until 1900 arrived. I left my comfortable place on the sofa and went to the window. I pressed the palms of my hands against the pane, to melt the frost. I could see the arc-light at the corner of Fifth and Jefferson, its rays throwing a million sparkles on the snow. Then I heard Pa say something. I looked around. He was holding his watch (a big hunting-case watch, wound with a key) in his hand as he began the fateful countdown -- "fuenf, vier, drei, zwei, eins, JETZT!" And the air was shattered by the clanging of the bells of Zion, St.Paul's, St.Stephen's and other churches. The fire-bell joined in the din. And the whistles of the lumber mills. Pa put his watch in his pocket and looked at me. I looked at him. We Lemkes seldom indulged in emotion.

RUN-AWAYS Our children and grandchildren, accustomed as they are to hearing and reading about automobile and airplane crashes, will never know the thrill of a runaway -- one of the most exciting thrills of our childhood days. Maybe we would be playing hop-scotch on the Washington School playground when the shrill cry of "runaway" came echoing down Fifth street. We would take up the cry and run to the sidewalk, just in time to see the wild-eyed foam-flecked team rush past, dragging the bouncing remains of a wagon or carriage behind them. Almost as exciting was a fire run on Third Street. To see the steam fire engine belching smoke and drawn by three horses abreast, never failed to evoke chills and thrills. I can see those galloping horses now, and hear the thunder of their hooves on the cedar blocks with which Third Street was paved.

THUNDER STORMS Another childhood memory that stays with me is the violent thunderstorms of the Wisconsin northwoods. These storms usually came at night. At the first crash of thunder our Mother would awaken us -- if the lightning hadn't already brought us downstairs. We would gather around her while she told us folk-tales interspersed with moments of prayer. Our Pa was probably out in the yard, checking on the horse and cow, or at the Studio, checking on windows and skylight. Later, when I had learned to use a camera, he showed me how to take pictures of lightning -- or, rather, how to let the lightning take pictures of itself, by opening the shutter and then closing it after the flash. That was a lot more fun than huddling in our Mother's room waiting for the storm to end. To this day, whenever I see a brilliant electrical display, I feel an itch in my shutter-finger.

FAIR GROUNDS

Big community events in Wausau 60 years ago were held at the Fair Grounds, now called Marathon Park. This was a beautiful area on the West Side of town, distinguished by huge stands of virgin pine, straight and 80 feet tall. There was a half-mile race track and many exhibit buildings in which the Marathon County Fair was held each September. At the rear of the Fair Grounds was the shooting range where the Schuetzenbund, Turnerverein, and other German groups held their weekly shooting contests and their annual Schuetzenfest. They fired thousands of rounds and consumed hundreds of kegs of Weisensteiner, a home-town beer. Also held in the Fair Grounds in the old days was the Methodists' annual campmeeting. The meetings were held in a large tent. Visitors who came from all over northern Wisconsin lived in small family tents. Our mother, being a devout Methodist, always attended the campmeetings and always took her children along. I remember that the sermons were long and dry.

MUSIC

Music is a spiritual activity -- one of the greatest, as we Lemkes can testify. Our home was a musical home. Our Mother sang the old German folk-songs and our Father often joined in. When we were quite young, there was an organ in our home. It was replaced by a piano when we became old enough to take lessons. All five of us children took piano lessons. I was the church organist while in my teens, and Meta and Erna also served as church organist for varying lengths of time. At college I took pipe-organ lessons from the late Albert Riemenschneider of Cleveland, one of the nation's great organists and founder of the annual Bach Festival at Berea, Ohio. I think my Mother was pleased when I played the Processional on the college pipe organ at my graduation in 1911. I have always been grateful that our parents gave us a start in music and I know that Meta and Erna feel the same way. Now I take my music by radio or record-player. But nothing can wipe out the musical memories of youthful days.

Our parents brought with them, from their native Germany, the folk-songs of an earlier era -- "Lang, lang ist's her", "In Lauterbach hab' ich mein Strumpf verlor'n", "O, du lieber Augustin", and many more. We had a large collection of sheet music which was kept in a music cabinet in the living room. Two pieces of German music stand out in my memory. One was a sentimental song entitled "Die Uhr" ("The Watch"), whose opening lines ran thus:

"Ich trage wo ich gehe stets eine Uhr bei mir.
Wie viel es geschlagen habe, genau seh' ich an ihr.
Und staende sie einmal stille, so waer's um mir gescheh'n --
Kein ander als der sie gefuegte bringt die zerstoerte zum geh'n."

I cannot give a rhymed translation of this verse, but its meaning is:

I carry a time-piece with me wherever I go.
I can tell exactly what hour it has struck.
And if it should ever stop, that would be the end --
No one except the Creator can make it run again.

The melody of "Die Uhr" was as beautiful as the German words. I had but to strike the opening chord on the piano keys, when our Mother would come and stand beside me and sing. And our Father would lay down his newspaper (Das Wochenblatt) and listen. Although I have not consulted them, I know that my sisters remember this song as vividly as I do. I think Meta still has the original copy.

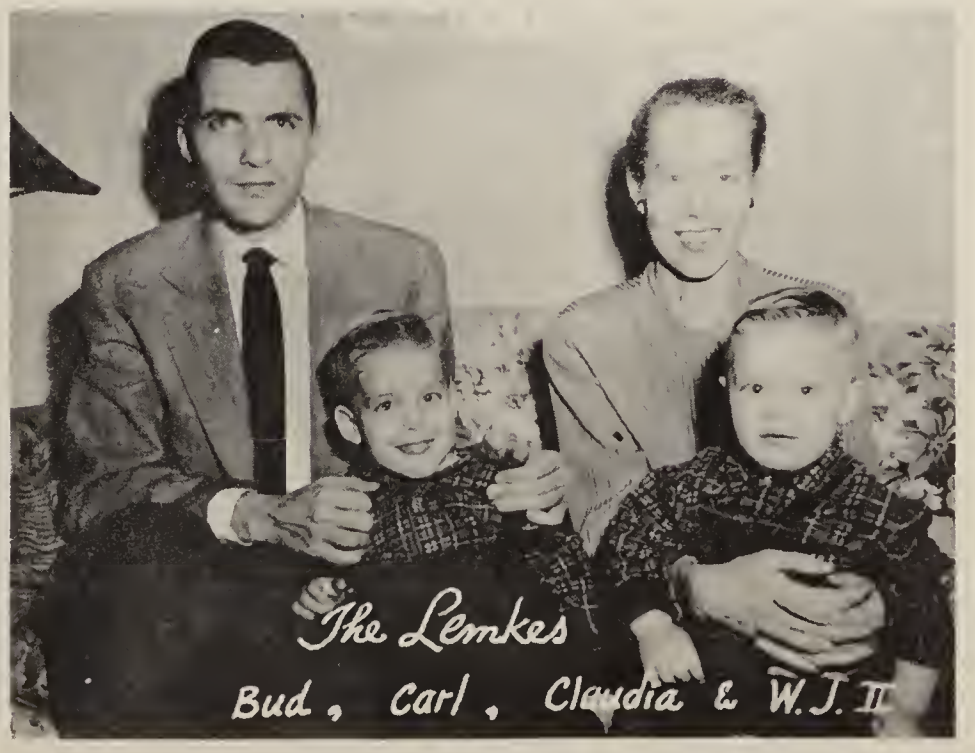
The other number that sticks in my memory is a four-hand piano piece entitled "Hussarenritt" ("Cavalry Charge"). It is on the order of our own "Stars and Stripes Forever." I have played this duet literally hundreds of times, with either Meta or Erna. And even today, after 50 years, when we get together, we play "Hussarenritt". The beat of this stirring march throbs just as it did long, long ago.

When we went to college, our musical tastes changed but none of us has forgotten the old songs. We got acquainted with the classics and then with the popular songs of the day -- "Down by the Old Mill Stream", "Daisies Won't Tell", "Red Wing", "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree", "School Days", "Put on your Old Gray Bonnet", and hundreds more. The original copies of these songs are in our attic. But the words and melody are in our hearts.

BUD

CAROL

MARIE HAMP LEMKE
(Mrs. W. J.)
and the twins,
Walter Hamp Lemke
and
Carol Elizabeth Lemke



THE LEMKES OF LITTLE ROCK

Walter Hamp ("Bud" Lemke, wife (Claudia Liljegren), and sons, Carl Lemke ("Duffer") and W. J. Lemke II ("Skipper").

LT. COLONEL SAM SHEFFIELD
and CAROL (LEMKE) SHEFFIELD
and their children.

(Below) STEPHEN SHEFFIELD

SHARON SHEFFIELD

W. J. LEMKE II with photo of his Grandpa, W. J. LEMKE I

A Family Reunion at Meta's Home.

Left to right: Carl Lemke Sr., Meta Lemke Eggebrecht, Marie Hamp Lemke, Arlie Dannenberg Lemke, Oscar Eggebrecht, Carol Lemke, Erna Lemke Baur, Doris Lemke, W. J. Lemke, Mrs. Carl Lemke Sr. Seated: Allan and Jean Eggebrecht, Carl Lemke Jr.

POSTSCRIPT

This is, of course, primarily the story of Carl and Ulricka Lemke of Pommern, Germany, and Wisconsin, USA. At some later date, one of their grandchildren or great-grandchildren may want to continue the story. If so, we have given them what we know of the beginning of the Lemke clan in Wausau, Wisconsin. Any future additions to the story will have to include Ohio and Arkansas and other states. And who knows, eventually the family may become global in its distribution. But it all began on the corner of Jefferson and Fifth, in Wausau, Wisconsin.

This booklet, then, is our humble tribute to our father and mother, whose influence on our lives far surpasses that of church, school and other agencies. Our father taught us discipline, courage, and pride. All of us learned our prayers at our mother's knee. After 50 years, there rings in my heart the refrain of a song she used to sing:

"O schoene Zeit, O sel'ge Zeit,
Wie liegst du fern, wie liegst du weit."

Our children and grandchildren may need those lines translated:

Oh lovely years, O blessed years,
So far away, so long ago.

WALTER J. LEMKE, Fayetteville, Arkansas
META LEMKE EGGEBRECHT, Wausau, Wisconsin
ERNA LEMKE BAUR, Toledo, Ohio

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